

A BRETON LEGEND.

Huge Granite Boulders In Which Are Imprisoned Pagan Souls.

Over all the valley of Ploumanach, most thickly along its sea edge, huge strange shaped boulders of red granite are scattered singly or are heaped up in wonderfully balanced mounds. The mere geologist will tell you that these rounded rocks have been dropped by a glacier and that the valley is the site of a terminal moraine. Any well uneducated Breton of course knows that this explanation is all nonsense. My driver, being cheered by his pilgrim draft, gave me the more satisfying information that in every one of these scattered boulders is imprisoned a pagan soul; that thus are held fast until the day of judgment the Bretons who rejected the blessed teachings of Christianity and who paid for their stiff necked sinning by being cast into stone.

Once a year the enchantment is lifted. Then the accursed ones resume their human forms and go down to the sea to drink—to drink long and deeply, that they may lay in a supply of deliciously cold salt water that will ease them through their coming twelvemonth of torment in infernal fires. On the night of that great drinking it is well for all good Christians to bide at home behind barred doors. At cock crow the accursed ones come back from their sea cooling to the places where they belong, changing from men and women into rocks again as they surge onward, and surely crushing any spying mortal in their way. Only one escape is recorded from the charge of that fearsome company, that of a poor good man who in charity had carved on one of the enchanted rocks the blessed cross. In gratitude for that loving act the cross marked boulder, a monstrous misshapen mass, a human form partly merged again into rough stone, halted before the poor good man who had sought to comfort it and so protected him until the evil host, dividing, had passed on, and he was saved. Then the grateful one, carefully skirting him as he lay on the ground in fainting terror, went on also to its place.—Thomas A. Janvier in Harper's Magazine.

A Sarcastic Minister.

Once a young preacher in Scotland who had charge of a mission station with a small salary was appointed to the chaplaincy of a jail. On the Sunday previous to leaving his charge and before he began his sermon he announced the fact and said that he had three reasons for his departure. "In the first place," he said, "I leave you because you do not love God, for very few of you come regularly to church. In the second place, you do not love one another, for there have been no marriages among you during the three years I have been your minister, and in the third place you do not love me, for you contribute very little to the small income I get. I have nothing more to say on this subject. You will find my text in the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel, second verse, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

The Hoopoo Bird.

The hoopoo is essentially a bird of the desert. A pretty tradition regarding the crest upon this bird's head tells that the crest was a gift from King Solomon in gratitude for shelter from the midday sun provided by a flight of hoopoes. The first decoration was a crown of gold, but as this brought unwelcome attention from fowls the monarch changed the crown to a crest of feathers. The characteristic note of the hoopoo is produced as follows: The bird swallows as much air as possible and then taps its beak upon the ground. The escaping air produces the "hoo-hoo-hoo" which has earned for the bird its popular name.

The Jap Fan.

In Japan the use of the fan was general from the sixth century to comparatively recent days, when every person, from the mikado on his throne even down to the school children, wielded a fan of special design, according to rank, profession or social standing. Lovers were wont to exchange fans as tokens of fidelity. The fan is still used by umpires in wrestling and other matches to give emphasis to their decisions, much as the auctioneer's

hammer in this country clinches a bargain with a buyer.

A Useful Medal.

Tess—It was Maud Singleton, wasn't it, who won the gold medal for her graduation essay on "Woman's Right to Public Office" last year?

Jess—Gracious! Not last year. It was two years ago at least.

Tess—Are you sure?

Jess—Positive, because I saw her baby cutting his teeth on that medal the other day.—Philadelphia Press.

A Conscientious Assassin.

Sunday night Pedro Trevino was stabbed on a dark street in Monterey, and Monday another Pedro Trevino was stabbed and killed near San Luisito, in the same city. It is generally believed that some one paid a professional murderer to kill Pedro Trevino, and as there were two men bearing the same name the criminal did not know which he ought to kill and killed them both as the safest way to please the other party.—Mexican Herald.

A Land of Hotels.

We have the finest hotels in the world and more of them than any other country. There are altogether 44,000 hotels in the United States, according to a New York manager, representing an invested capital of over \$6,000,000,000. These establishments employ 3,500,000 persons. The hotel population is enormous and steadily increasing. Some of the finest houses cost as much as \$4,500,000.

After All, Only an Illusion.

"Speaking of consistency," said Professor Royce, "there once was a Hindoo sage who said that everything was illusion. So one day when he was in the middle of a field his friends let a 'bad' elephant loose. The sage ran at the top of his speed and climbed a tree. When the elephant had been secured, the wise man's friends gathered under the tree and said:

"We thought you said everything was illusion?"

"I did," said the frightened but still true philosopher.

"Ah, but you ran fast enough when the real elephant pursued you."

"You are mistaken again," said the sage. "There was no elephant, and I did not run. It was all illusion."—Boston Record.

ORIGIN OF THE MUFF.

At First It Was the Exclusive Property of Venetian Nobles.

"Do you know that the color of a muff once betokened the rank of the wearer?" said a furrier the other day as he stroked a beautiful seal-skin muff. "In the days of Charles IX. no lady could have worn this fur, for black was decreed by the king to be the badge of the common people, and the court followers were restricted to the colors.

"Muffs have gone through more styles than it would seem possible to invent for such a simple article of convenience. It has been long and narrow like a sheaf and again large and round. At the beginning of the last century the test of size was to try the muff in a flour barrel. If it went in without much trouble, then that muff was too small to be really fashionable. At the present day almost anything is proper, but those enormous cylinders would certainly draw much attention. One of the most curious styles was that of Louis XIV., called the 'chiens mauchons,' because they were made to convey little dogs in.

"The muff when first introduced was the exclusive property of the nobility and originated in Venice. These muffs were very small and consisted of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, and the openings fastened with rich jewels. Such arrangements came in during the early part of the seventeenth century, but in the previous century the ladies frequently carried a piece of rich fur, which they used either as a muff or a neck piece.

"The muff reached its highest point in the reign of Louis XV., when the productions were exquisite. Then fashion declared for a cloth muff instead of fur, and the furriers made a great uproar. They petitioned the pope to excommunicate the wearer of a cloth muff, but to no purpose. Finally some ingenious merchant bribed the headsmen to carry a cloth muff on execution day. The women shrank from such association, and the fur won the day. We now associate the muff only with cold weather, but in the old days it was a regular part of woman's dress and was carried in all weathers. As late as 1830 a muff and a straw bonnet were not deemed incongruous."—Shanghai Times.

The News Office for Job work.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Lemon Party That Affords Much Amusement.

A novel affair is a lemon party. Here is the way one was recently carried out: Every guest gave a lemon to the servant who opened the door. These were subsequently taken to the kitchen, all the seeds carefully taken out and collected in a small glass jar. The company meanwhile were engaged in various games. When the hostess signaled, the jar was brought in and passed in review before every guest, who made a mental estimate of the number of seeds it contained and recorded his opinion upon a small yellow tablet already furnished him, indorsing his count with his signature. The tablets were afterward collected and the results announced. The winner, who was the one, of course, whose guess came nearest the number of seeds, received a pretty lemonade set, and the "booby" a lemon squeezer ornamented with a yellow bow. Lemon cake, lemon jelly, lemonade and lemon ices constituted the refreshments, and every guest on leaving was presented with a box of lemon drops tied with yellow ribbon.

How to Make a Doll's House.

To furnish a doll's house collect as many corks and bungs as you can and get a few ounces of colored beads all one size, with two or three dozen big ones, a packet of pins, and you have all you want except a small skein of wool. Slice up the corks crosswise to make the seats of the chairs and the table tops. The bungs will do for the sofa seats. Slip half a dozen of the beads on a pin, putting a big one on first of all, and dig the points into the slices of cork to make the chair legs. The chair and sofa backs are made with plain pins, and the wool laces across them from side to side. If you want the furniture to be very grand the cork may be painted with enamel or gilded.

A Royal Band of Pity.

Little Princess Mary of Wales is a clever child, and both she and her brothers are very fond of animals. A favorite amusement of the royal children is to seek out lame or otherwise injured birds and then take them home and nurse them back to health. To do this they form a miniature hospital, and, with the love of make believe natural at their

years, they then act doctors and nurses till their patients are well enough to be discharged, says Home Notes. Perhaps the next greatest joy to a patient's rapid recovery is his demise, for, like other little people, the royal children find the funeral of a bird or other small creature a most edifying function.

Amuse the Little Invalid.

Boys and girls may amuse a sick brother or sister in the following way: Procure an old newspaper, eight ply, cut dolls twelve inches high with small hole in head. Then arrange small pulley at each end of the room quite high and run strong twine through precisely on the principle of a clothesline, then tie the dolls securely with thread run through the hole on to the pulley line, four at each end, with spaces between, one set on the upper and one on the lower line.

Then by means of a guy rope you can make them jig up and down and float them across the room to the intense delight of the weary little invalid.

Strange Nesting Place.

Some years ago an English track worker left his empty dinner can near the rails, and when he remembered to go back for it he discovered it contained a nest of eggs, right there in all the confusion and crowd of a station and the noise of passing trains. The man was so amused that, to his credit be it said, he gave up his can and left it in charge of the little intruders.

The Hoptoad.

Da hoptoad makes a pussen laff and laff outill 'e cry.
T' see th' little cuss a-jumpin' an' a-blinkin' 'is eye.
'E look jes' lak a chunk uh mud tryin' for t' dance



EPH AND THE TOAD.

When 'e go hoppin' down th' path sarchin' for da ants.
I nevah cotched a hoptoad, an' I ain' a-goin' t' try.
Foh dey fill y' full uh poison warts—an' maybe den y' die.

—Little Ephraim.

Proposed Amendment to the State Constitution.

Relating to Pensions for Confederate Soldiers.

House Joint Resolution to amend Article 3, Section 51, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, relating to the pensions of ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas: That Article 3, Section 51, of the Constitution of the State of Texas be so amended as to hereafter read as follows: Section 51. The Legislature shall have no power to make any grant or authorize the making of any grant of public money to any individual, association or individuals, municipal or other corporations, whatsoever; provided, however, the Legislature may grant aid to indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers and sailors, who came to Texas prior to January 1, 1880, and who are either over sixty years of age or whose disability is the proximate result of actual service in the Confederate army for a period of at least three months, their widows in indigent circumstances, who have never re-married and who have been bona fide residents of the State of Texas since March 1, 1880, and who were married to such soldiers or sailors anterior to March 1, 1880; provided, said aid shall not exceed eight dollars per month and provided further, that no appropriation shall ever be made for the purpose hereinbefore specified in excess of five hundred thousand dollars for any one year. And also grant aid to the establishment and maintenance of a home for said soldiers and sailors, under such regulations and limitations as may be provided by law; provided, the grant to aid said home shall not exceed one hundred thousand dollars for any one year, and no inmate of said home shall be entitled to any other aid from the State, and, provided further, that the provisions of this section shall not be construed to prevent the grant of aid in case of public calamity.

Sec. 2. The Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for the submission of this amendment to the qualified voters of the State of Texas at the next general election for State and county officers.

[A true copy.] J. R. CURT,
Secretary of State.

Big Cities.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Europe had only two cities with over half a million inhabitants. Paris had 550,000 and London 950,000. Today there are six European cities with over a million, and, whereas a century ago there were only twelve cities with over 100,000, there are now thirty with over 100,000.